The Pennant

MAY, 1909

Virginia Institute
Bristol, Va.

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The Pennant

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To ———

There was once a girl who smiled
Because the sun was bright,
Because she slept at night,
Because she had the right
To turn to God in prayer;
Because she loved one
She lived and laughed in fun;
Because the stars above
Smiled on earth, she smiled.

She smiled because a girl
Was friend tried and true,
Because the violet blue
Wet with morning dew
To the sky looked up
Because the rose was red,
Because the past was dead,
Because God overhead
Was watching over her.

The English Mystery Play

AS all people however savage and uncivilized have some form of religion, some idea of a Deity who makes and rules all, so it seems to be established that every nation must have some form of amusement. The craving for something to relieve the monotony of life is a universal principle. The emotions of the human heart must have an outlet and in no other way can this be given so well as through the portrayal of human life on the stage. The mind is diverted from everyday cares and a rest and refreshing is the result.

Religion is the basis of all drama, be that drama Christian or Pagan. We find religious passion at the heart of the plays of Ancient India and of modern Persia, while the very name tragedy suggests to the mind the sacrificial ceremonies of the Attic stage. The European or English drama was born of the church and was nurtured and kept alive through the instrumentality of the Church till it incorporated within itself the secular and comic elements to such a degree as to incur the resentful hostility of the sacred organization which gave it life.

Beginning with the fifth and extending through the eleventh century we find first the Passion Play and following that the Saint Play, both of which originated in the Latin liturgical service of the Roman Catholic Church. But at the beginning of the twelfth century this liturgical drama—Passion

Play and Saint Play alike—sank into obscurity, giving place thereby for the Mystery or Miracle Cycles, which, at the time were just being ushered in.

The Mystery Play has been called the training school of the romantic drama. Through the slow lapse of five centuries, the Mystery with its mighty theme and tremendous religious passion was preparing the day for the great Elizabethan stage. In verbal expression, these plays were crude, and in detail many times utterly absurd, but in spite of all imperfections and absurdities they were powerful in dramatic action, both in range and spirit. On the mediæval scaffold the actor counted for infinitely more than the author, as the people seemed able to supply the deficient language with a sort of unwritten poetry.

English literature is fortunate in the survival of four of her Mystery Cycles—indeed there are five if we accord English recognition to the Cornwall Plays. These five Cycles, viz.: York, Chester, Townely, Coventry and Cornwall are, however, only the fragments of the wreckage left by the sea of time and are merely representative of the vast number of plays on which the mediæval eye and mind feasted.

In contemplating the Mystery Play the question naturally presents itself. Whence came their subject matter? From what source was taken the varied materials of which they were composed? It is interesting to note that often the silent story of rich stained glass or fresco came to life in the breathing, moving figures of miracles. These plays were indeed the Bible for the poor, illiterate people

of the time, and with reverence and devotion they looked upon them as such. They could see and understand the representation of the sacred scenes which would otherwise never have been known to them.

As would naturally be expected with a curious and superstitious people, there is a great admixture of legend with the true Biblical stories. Many of the characters represented were unknown to Hebrew annalist or evangelist. It is a very noticeable fact, moreover, that the Celtic people, as a rule, gave in their plays more place to legend and fable than did the Teutonic who adhered more closely to the Biblical text. Our English Mysteries sprang from a Saxon-Norman stock, in some cases under strong French influence, and so present a blending of record and legend, the record predominating. Without going further into the details of the subject, we might say that the chief sources of the Mystery Cycles, in England, were the Vulgate, the Apocryphal gospels and the manners of the times among the poorer classes.

The next question that confronts us in the study of the Mystery Plays is of what value are they? Or what part do they contribute to the development of the modern drama? There are two ways of regarding them, the students of literature being divided as to which is right. First, we may look upon them contemptuously, confusedly, as the dramatic chaos out of which the Elizabethan drama rose, not by process of evolution but by some high decree. Or on the other hand, we may see in this five centuried growth, not dramatic elements

only, but those grandly displayed and already shapen into a huge majestic Gothic drama. Choose which ye will, but on careful study the elements which go to make up the strong drama will be found. The tremendous clash of conflict, the realised humanity, deviltry and Divinity and all the passion that surged through the great child-like mediæval heart were combined to form the drama which conveyed to those people what no preacher, teacher or reformer could possibly have done.

The Mystery Plays not only bequeathed to the Elizabethan drama their scope and freedom, reality of characterization and intensity of passion but they paved the way for its reception. They made England a nation of actors, of theatre-goers, a nation of deep dramatic cravings, who would not be satisfied with the light elegant trifling that amused the court, but cried out for range, for earnestness, for life.

A Quaint Courtship

IF, as Emerson says, "all the world loves a lover," it is not because of his selfish happiness, but because one is then most truly himself. In these very exciting moments of love-making, human nature is allowed great scope for originality. Perhaps all courtships are more or less quaint but the lovers are usually blissfully ignorant of appearing quaint to others.

"What did you say was the new parson's name, John?" said Mrs. Ware one morning at breakfast.

"Marston, William Marston," replied her husband, as he served the plain breakfast to five little clamoring mouths.

To Mrs. Ware, the name fell blank. Not so to Grandmother Ware, a gentle old lady seated at her son's right. On her ears the name fell as one familiar but one unheard for over fifty years. She started slightly and then dropped into a revery, from which she roused herself some fifteen minutes later to find the room deserted and her coffee cold before her. Going out to the front porch, she produced her ever-ready knitting, and while her fingers worked, her mind fell back into its former train of thought.

Old memories came surging up, memories of the romance of her girlhood, of one who had won her love and had marched away to the Indian wars. He was never heard of again and Grandmother, then but seventeen, had mourned him as dead.

After waiting in vain for some tidings of the lost one, she at last married a young man of the village,

and they moved west to try their fortunes in the new country. Here they endured all the hardships common to frontier life at that period. Years later, the husband passed away; and, her children having grown up and gone out into the world, she went to live with her eldest son in Kentucky.

In the bare little village church on the following Sunday morning there gathered some forty or fifty persons all eager to hear the new preacher. John Ware's family was seated near the front. As the singing of the first hymn ceased, a tall, bent, white-haired old man arose and said, "Let us pray."

Grandmother Ware started again. It was really he! How that voice thrilled her! How it had thrilled her fifty years ago, when a tall youth with brown hair had whispered his vows of undying love. During the sermon, she sat as one transfixed—the hour was one prolonged ecstasy. The services over, she quietly rode home with the family and, although the habitual calm of her face was troubled, for some days, no one noticed it.

Late the following Friday afternoon a strange sound struck Mrs. Ware's ears. "I say, Jimmy," she exclaimed, "what's that unearthly rattlin' on the road?" Jimmy ran to the window and called back, "It's the new parson's buckboard coming over the hill, Ma."

"Well I'll bet anything he's coming right here for supper. Jimmy, you run down the speckled hen and get her ready while I make a fire in the stove."

And so it happened that the new minister arrived amid the squawking of fowls, foretelling the "chickin-fixin' " which usually accompany the advent of the

preacher. He was ushered into the cold best room and there he presently received Mrs. Ware's cordial invitation to supper.

Grandmother Ware gave her neat little cap an extra pat, saying to herself that he would not recognize her. She did not get up courage to go out until supper was called and then she slipped into her seat with as little ceremony as possible.

After supper, the "men folks" adjourned to the "best room" and Mrs. Ware went back to the kitchen. Grandmother Ware slipped into a corner where she might listen, quiet and unseen, to the voice of her old lover, who sat by the fire conversing with her son.

"That's a pretty little girl of yours, brother Ware," said Mr. Marston. "She looks so much like a girl I used to know back in Ohio before I went to the army."

"Have you been in the army," asked John.

"Yes, and I was wounded in the first skirmish and was ill a long time. When I got well, I received a letter from an old friend saying the girl I was promised to had married and gone west. I s'pose she's dead these long years, There was never another woman in the world for me, and that little girl looks strangely like her." His voice broke on the last words and dropped into silence, and Mr. Ware took the opportunity to go out and get some wood for the fire.

Now as the old man sat dreaming he was awakened by a soft quavering voice.

"William, William," it was saying, "have you remembered Lena Martin all this time?"

He looked dazed for a moment and she continued, "Don't you know me, William?"

"Mary Martin," he said, catching her hands, "I would have known that sweet voice anywhere."

"O, William, you say you did not forget and I have never forgotten either." "But, Mary, your hair is gray! I would never have recognized you except by your voice."

"Yes, William, I'm nigh onto seventy-three."

"And I'm seventy-nine," he said reassuringly.

When John Ware returned he broke in upon a scene which so astonished him that he dropped his wood in the middle of the floor. Explanations followed and John learned for the first time the romance of his mother's girlhood.

The new minister became a frequent visitor in the Ware home, so much so that it was rumored throughout the neighborhood that brother Marston was going to see old Mrs. Ware, and the neighbors smiled knowingly.

When this came to the ears of Mrs. John Ware, she indignantly told her husband that it must be stopped. "Now John, you speak to the preacher about it. It's ridiculous. Why, we will be the laughing stock of the whole country," she said.

As her husband could not get up the courage to approach the preacher on the subject, Mrs. Ware proceeded to lay the matter before her mother-in-law. Grandmother listened in silence and Mrs. Ware did not get much satisfaction out of the interview.

One morning she heard the rattle of the old buckboard far down the road.

"Now if that preacher comes here again this morning, I'll just go out and tell him myself," she said.

She heard him stop at the gate and then, after a little, she heard the familiar rattle as if he were driving on again.

"I wonder why he didn't get out," she said to herself. Her curiosity got the better of her and she ran to the front door and peeped out. The old buckboard with its two bent figures was just disappearing over the hill. With many misgivings, she hurriedly looked into Grandmother's room, but she was nowhere to be found. Suddenly the truth flashed upon her—Grandmother had run away!

Mrs. John was conscience-stricken. "Now I s'pose she *was* lonesome," she sobbed and I ought to 'a'known it. Well, I'll make it up to them. Nobody shall ever say that I neglected John's mother," and she set about making preparations to give the run-aways a happy and welcome reception when they returned.

The Dreamer

Oh, we dream our dreams, and we hold them dear,
Locked in our hearts so fast,
But the dream that is to our hearts so near
Is the untrue dream at last.

Oh, many the dreams we have dreamed away,
Smiling the while we plan.
But the dream that we pray for day by day
Is to have what we never can.

In the mad world's sweep of love and lust,
We number our dreams by the hosts,
But the dream that is false to our dreamer's trust
Is the one that we wish for most.

High in the mind of the young dreamer child
The bright dreams sail from the soul,
But the dream that never comes back the while,
Is the one at the unreached goal.

The Extermination of the Willamette Indians

FROM the regions beyond the mountain ranges in the western part of Oregon there creeps out a wide deep river, which, winding stealthily through the lowlands, passes at length through a deep precipitous gorge into the broad beautiful valley of the Willamette. On the opposite side of this peaceful valley flows the mighty Columbia, "River of the West," on her way to the sea. As the two rivals flow on down the valley they gradually draw nearer together and at last join to form the great and noble stream which empties into the Pacific.

Nature had used all her cunning in bringing out the grandeur and beauty of the mighty river, for high above its turbulent waters she had built a wonderful bridge of solid rock. "Bridge of the Gods" it was called, and well worthy of its name, for the giant flowers and luxuriant shrubbery, which sprang as if by magic from the crevices between its huge arched stones, made it truly a thing of beauty.

The margins of the two rivers and their tributaries were densely forrested with giant pines and firs. Here and there this dense growth gave way to large clearings, where the wind flung the narrow green leaves of the towering Indian corn, and rifts of blue smoke rose from the wigwams of the Willamettes

who asked no happier fate than to dwell in the peaceful valley of the stream which bore their name. Along the banks of the Columbia lay the villages and hunting grounds of their deadliest enemies—the Chinook and Shoshone Indians.

In the years when the glory of the Willamettes had not yet begun to fade, an old medicine man had prophesied their down-fall. The fall of the "Bridge of the Gods," he said, would fore-tell the destruction of the vast empire of the Willamettes which extended from the Snake river to the Pacific and from Alaska to the mountains of northern California.

Eighteen years before the main incidents of this story, an East India ship had been wrecked on the bar of the Columbia river. The Indians had succeeded in rescuing one of the passengers, an Asiatic princess and a few cases of her finery. Multnomah, chief of the Willamettes, attracted by her great beauty took the woman as his wife. He called her Seaflower, so fair and dainty she was. But unused to the rigors of the stern western climate, Seaflower soon sickened and died, leaving behind her a tiny daughter, endowed with all the mother's beauty and refinement.

Years have passed. Wallula, Seaflower's daughter has become a rarely beautiful woman. The tribes tributary to the Willamettes were about to revolt. Multnomah seemed to have a premonition of this and with the wisdom born of this foresight sent runners to all the tribes bidding them come to council at Wapputo. After many days they met together in consultation. Multnomah soon discovered that the young bucks eager for war were

answerable for the rebellion. He did not punish them however, but in order to hold the tribes in fear and subjection, he inflicted a terrible punishment on the chiefs of the revolting tribes. He sold them into slavery to the Alaskan fishing Indians. No severer penalty could have been inflicted for the Alaskan Indians were rigid task masters.

In some measure to counteract the severity of this penalty and, while in no measure belittling his own authority, to prove his good will toward them, Multnomah announced that he would give away his entire property to be equally divided among his tribes. He reserved only the few cases of Asiatic finery. Perhaps the memory of that by-gone romance made him hold those chests back. At any rate the Oriental furnishings went to decorate his otherwise bare wigwam.

The council ended with the famous "potlack" and all the tribes made ready for the homeward march, some without their chiefs, but all awed by the swiftness with which Multnomah had quelled the uprising.

One day a few months afterward a swift runner came from the Dalles with the terrible news that the "Bridge of the Gods" had fallen!

Thick and fast came the evils prophesied years before. The attendants of Multnomah one by one sickened and died. There seemed to be no explanation for this except that the hangings in Multnomah's own wigwam had in some mysterious way become infected with the dread plague. Could it have been that some of the revolting Indians resenting the dire punishment which had fallen upon them,

gave vent to their vengeance? Who knows? The result alone is known—in them lurked the downfall of the Willamettes.

Then came the news that Wallula had been drowned. The last hope of the supremacy of the Willamettes died with her, for Multnomah had no other heir.

Finally Multnomah, himself, began to feel the ravages of the disease. Right valiantly he fought it off. But, strong warrior though he was, the plague proved the stronger. Before the brave old chief laid down his arms and crossed over to that last hunting ground, the plague had spread like wild-fire among the neighboring Indians. When Multnomah's death was announced, the rebel tribes, the Chinooks and Shoshones banded together to conquer the Willamettes, yet at sight of the fatal pestilence fled in dismay.

In the next few years, that once powerful Indian nation dwindled to a mere handful. Instead of a vast empire whose valour and strength had gone abroad there remained only a little band of outcasts with whom none of the tribes except the fishing Indians of the lower Columbia cared to associate.

With these the Willamettes intermarried. It was the descendants of this mixed race, almost wholly devoid of every distinct characteristic of the original Willamette, that the white men, who first came to the coast, found in the lower Willamette and Columbia valleys.

Truly with the fall of the "Bridge of the Gods" vanished the glory and supremacy of a long honored nation.

What a V. I. Lead Pencil Told

THERE I stood, one of a nice straight row of yellow pencils, in the book room of Virginia Institute. It was here that I first became conscious of my existence, but it was some time afterwards that any one else seemed to become conscious thereof. Every day I saw the girls come in and buy books, tablets, pennants, and even other pencils, but not once did they take notice of me. It grew tiresome standing there, day in and day out, and I longed to be one of these happy college girls—a girl who could come and go as she pleased "Dear creatures, they are always merry and gay," said I. (Ah, poor deluded pencil that I was!) So there I stood, unable to move, only staring, staring, staring at the row of books opposite. "If one of these girls would only buy me and take me away from this dreary place!" I sighed, but my hopes seemed all in vain. One by one, the other pencils in the rack with me were sold and taken away, until I, alone, was left. My pride and my feelings were both very much hurt at this state of affairs, but I choked back the tears like a well behaved pencil, stood up very straight and tried to resign myself to my lot with good spirit. In spite of all my efforts I had a pretty dreary time of it in this uninteresting place. It often used to puzzle

me how the book room lady always managed to wear a sunny smile.

At last there came a day when everything was changed for me. It was two o'clock, just time for the book room to close, when a very pretty girl with flushed cheeks, merry brown eyes, and soft, chestnut hair, came flying through the doorway. She snatched me from my resting place, and with a hurried explanation about an "exam" and "charge it to papa, please," was out of the door and hurrying down the hall with me.

I felt rather dizzy from the rapid motion after having stood still for so long, but I grew more dizzy than ever when I caught sight of a horrible looking knife in the hand of my pretty mistress. She actually began to cut through my glossy coat at one end, and then to whittle away at a great rate. At first I could not think what it all meant, but soon I began to see the point. It was a fine, sharp, tapering one, and I was proud of it. The whittling process hadn't hurt much, and I began to reason that perhaps after all it was quite the thing to be whittled at, though I couldn't see exactly why.

It was not long until I was to learn the use of that fine point, and it happened at the "exam" to which I was quickly carried. I shall never forget my experience there. At the very first, I felt wondrously sorry for my mistress, for I was vaguely conscious that something was the matter. Her pretty forehead was wrinkled in a frown, I could feel her heart go thumpety-bump-bump as I lay trembling in her hand, and I could see despair in her eyes as she read the questions on the blackboard. Finally her lips

came together in a do-it-or-die sort of way, she grasped me more firmly, and began to scribble frantically.

Now pencils have a great deal more sense than people usually give them credit for, and therefore I could tell that my mistress was writing a description of one of the "witch scenes" in "Macbeth." Oh, how grand to be a girl, thought I, and to know all these interesting things! But the situation began to take on a different aspect. At the next question, my mistress stopped and looked puzzled. She frowned and puckered up her rosy lips. She tapped me impatiently on the desk. She viciously muttered something about "rats." Finally a far-away look came into her eyes and I began to think that she had forgotten all about the "exam." I was soon to be set right on this point, however, for again I was grasped tightly and made to dash wildly back and forth across the page. This lasted for a minute or two, at the end of which interval she stopped abruptly in the midst of her fury. What was she murmuring to herself? It sounded like "Oh, it doesn't pay to draw on your imagination. I have tried it on every exam, and there isn't one time out of ten that I hit it right." Without any further remarks she turned me upside down and proceeded to rub my head fiercely back and forth across the paper on which she had written. It was then I learned, although I was considerably upset, that the top of me was made of rubber. Isn't it pitiful to have your head composed of such an insignificant substance, I mused. But I took consolation in the thought that I was not hard headed, like some

people, and at any rate my head wasn't empty, as my fair young mistress' evidently was! Presently the bell pealed forth. My owner reviewed her paper in disgust and then signed her name so vigorously that my poor point popped in two, half of it flying across the room. The paper was then meekly handed to a teacher so fierce of aspect that I held my breath until we were safely outside. (I afterward learned that this same terrible personage possessed a surprisingly warm and sympathetic heart.)

The room into which my mistress took me was wholly different from the bookroom where I had lived so long, and where all had been perfect order. Here the books were not standing in orderly rows upon the shelf, as I had been accustomed to see them in my former abode, but were scattered all over the floor, beds, and trunks, in not quite picturesque profussion. The pennants, instead of being arranged neatly in a corner, appeared to be staggering dizzily all over the walls. There were several other things that did not exactly conform to my ideas of order, and yet it was impossible not to take a fancy to this room, which was somehow suggestive of good, jolly times and care-free hearts. Besides, I had been stiff and proper so long that any change was agreeable.

I soon learned that the name of this wonderful and novel place was "The Witches' Retreat," and that besides my pretty mistress there dwelt here two other witches, commonly known as the Deliberate Witch and the Funny Witch. And oh, the bewitching times the three had! What with opera

singing, curious dramatic productions, acrobatic stunts, and every conceivable sort of pranks and antics, they seemed to be the happiest of creatures. It did not occur to me then that perhaps the Pretty Witch's failure in that exam. was due to some of this very merry-making indulged in during study hours. At that time I saw only the fun they were having, and how I longed to be a girl, too, so as to frolic with them!

That same afternoon I had another experience which made a deep impression on my youthful mind. The three witches were chatting away gayly and I was reclining at ease on the table when we heard a strange puffing sound. "Oh, that beastly radiator!" came from the direction of the Funny witch, and I heard her beseech the other witches in tones first pleading, then threatening, to "stop the thing up." Little did I dream, when I heard these words, that I should be the means of the desired result. I soon found out, nevertheless, for after prolonged entreaties the Deliberate Witch (who by the way was very good natured) walked leisurely to the table, picked me up, and at the same time arming herself with a hair brush, approached the sizzing, puffing, snorting object. Before I could collect my senses, I was being jambed into the pipe whence came the hot steam. Then I was hammered with the back of the hair brush to hold me in place, I suppose, and I most assuredly stuck there. Ouch! I cried again and again, but as a pencil's voice is exceedingly faint, it was quite impossible to be heard above the noise the witches were making. They cruelly left me to my fate. I have heard of people having

coals of fire heaped upon their heads, but I will venture to say that hot steam applied in the same way is far worse. I don't know how long I stayed in this condition of torture, but the time seemed interminable. I ardently wished all the while that I was a school girl instead of a pencil—a girl who was not eternally in danger of having her head jambed into a radiator emitting hot steam!

Sometime later, while the three witches were faithfully taking recreation on the campus, the steam with renewed force, mercifully blew me from my place of torture to the floor. Here I lay for a long time reviving slowly. An hour or two later, I was picked up by the Diliberate Witch, who had more scruples about housekeeping than the other two. Again I was placed on the table, and being thoroughly exhausted with the day's strenuous adventures, I rolled over once or twice and went to sleep.

When I awoke, all was dark in the room except where a few moonbeams fell across the floor. Everything was still—even the radiator. Timidly I looked around, and instantly froze stiff with horror, for I saw flitting here and there, all silently, three shadowy white figures. My first thought was of Banquo's ghost of the examination and I felt myself turning pale. As I grew more accustomed to the dark room, my terror gave way to astonishment for I recognized in the ghosts, the three witches of the Retreat. What curious thing was that in the middle of the floor? Could it be a chafing dish, and were those faint rays not moonbeams after all? Today, with my store of experience, I blush to say

that they strangely resembled the rays that come from a tiny alcohol lamp.

The three witches were stirring some mysterious brew over this fire. I regretted for the moment that my neck had not been made of rubber like the top of my head, so that I could peep into the pan and see what it contained. Fearfully I wondered if it were anything like the witches' brew in "Macbeth," about which my mistress had written. The thought made me shudder. But the odor was delicious, and a whisper that sounded like "Scotch woodcock" soon put my fears to rest.

Just then a rat, excited by the unusual state of affairs in the Retreat (it was a retreat for rats as well as for witches) scrambled up the radiator pipe and the three girls started guiltily. They were soon composed again and went on about their stirring. When the brew was done, the Funny Witch opened a box of crackers which had been secreted in the "coffin" (the witches' name for the long window seat). Eagerly the three partook of the contents of the pan. For the fifth time I wished that I had been created a girl instead of an old lead pencil, for which even "Scotch woodcock" has no charms. The witches seemed to enjoy it immensely, and the wider awake they grew, the merrier they became, until unconsciously they were making more noise than is justified at that hour. Little did they think that these sounds had reached the ears of the ever-vigilant teacher on duty. Hark! was that a knock at the door of the Retreat? It must have been, for in that same moment I was surprised to see the now pale witches make a dash for their little white beds.

Alas! the door opened too quickly, and although the three were snoring conscientiously, the teacher was there and master of the situation. She flashed on the light revealing the tell-tale chafing dish with the remainder of its contents, and the empty cracker box. A look, merely a look—but oh, what a look, was cast at the three sheepish looking witches. It plainly said in capital letters,

"MORE DEMERITS"

"Oh, I shall never see that honor-roll again," said that Funny Witch with a dismal groan that was echoed by the other two.

And when I saw the woe-begone expressions on their faces, and thought of how all their fun had resulted in this awful state of affairs, I thanked my stars that I was only an old lead pencil, after all!"

Sleep and Rest

Pale crescent moon hanging low in the west,
Plaintive winds sighing and faint breath of roses,
God keep thee safe, dear, and watch o'er thy rest;
Sleep, my baby, sleep.

Rest thee and dream, for each new day brings care,
Sorrow comes swift and soon to us all;
Sweet be thy slumbers, thy dreams bright and fair,
Sleep, my baby, sleep.

Browning

VITALITY, versatility, intellectual curiosity—these were the most obvious traits in Browning's life. "Since Chaucer was alive and hale"—wrote Landor of him in 1846—

> "No man has walked along our road with step
> So active, so enquiring eye or tongue
> So varied in discourse."

There was nothing sensational in his life. He was born in a conventional atmosphere; he lived and died conventional. His interest in the life about him was unflagging; all through his long experience he pursued his ideal, and to the end he bore his burdens with enthusiasm. By his energy and grasp of realities he outran most of his contemporaries in discovering and expressing the catholic inquiring spirit of his time. He represented in many respects the generation into which he was born, but more a later one which he antedated. Literature is just fortunate in that he stood just where he did in time. For he was born "while the divine breath of poetry, that comes, we know not whence, and goes we know not whither, was streaming over England."

He grew to manhood in the years when she was elated over the victories of the past, and was looking forward with hope and faith to the future. He brought into the later age "not only the fuller poetic inspiration, the sincere romance of the earlier, but

its sanguine confident temperament." Then too there was a conflict in the world of thought about him. An interest in the theological questions had been spread by religious revivals, and historical and scientific criticism began to be heard. Hence there arose a confusion between the two opposing forces. A similar strain of thought has been noted in Browning's poetry.

Much has been said about Browning's want of form. He was a poet but not at all times a singer. His diction is not poetic, and his metre is often strained by trying to express more in one line than it will bear. We may justify his blank verse form by the fact that he is a dramatic poet. There is great liberty allowed the English unrhymed verse. Browning has used, and often misused his liberty.

In his dramatic power Browning stands alone among the poets of the nineteenth century. He is a part of the most important literary movements of the age. As a realist—his aim like the contemporary writers of fiction is to represent human life and character as it existed. He did not write to amuse, but to instruct, to stimulate thought, and arouse the conscience to activity. The study of the soul was a passion with him. He is a keen analyst of the experiences of the soul, its failures and its strivings amid complex conditions. In nearly all of his poems the chief interest centers about some "incidents in the development of a soul."

The form best adapted for this development was the dramatic monologue, through which he interprets characters from every period, station, nationality and faith. "Browning excels in portraying

difficult characters that have complicated problems to face, weakness to overcome, and ambition to attain." His genius found for itself in the dramatic monologue the most full and fitting expression.

"My Last Duchess," "Andrea del Sarto," and "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's Church," are three strong monologues. The speaker in "My Last Duchess" is the Duke, who is showing the portrait of his lost wife to one with whom he is arranging for another. His dead wife has become one of his art treasures, kept for himself alone "since none puts by the curtain I have drawn for you." In his calm, cold, selfish conceit he tells the story utterly unconscious that he is portraying his own character, and his wife's sweet, cheery disposition. It was that glance that gave offence.

> "Sir, 'twas not
> Her husband's presence only, called that spot
> Of joy into the Duchess' cheek."

She had a heart too easily impressed, liking everything, the offerings of all—"Would draw from her alike the approving speech; or blush at least." That was not to be endured. The power of this poem lies in the ease with which the Duke is made to reveal his own character.

"Andrea del Sarto" sits by the window and meditates upon his failure, while the chapel bell hushes into stillness—the autumn landscape fades away into twilight, a symbol of his life. There is a conflict. He loves a beautiful, but soulless woman who demands popular pictures, while he yearns for the

higher ideals of his art. He knows his power from an artist's point of view. The man frankly judges himself and his work; touching the source of evil in his life and in art.

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp
Or what's a heaven for?"

The ideal.

"So free we seem, so fettered fast we are."

In "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's Church," Browning has a keen insight into a sensuous, vain, jealous nature. The passion of jealousy and luxury are strong even in death. The dying Bishop gives directions to his sons for the erection of a tomb that shall "outshine his rivals." The characterization is perfect. How clearly and forcibly he has portrayed the spirit of the age; the rivalries, the artistic show, the vanity and worldliness of the churchman. His religion was the church, a ritual, hardly a creed, and certainly not a faith. The material and not the spiritual occupied his thoughts and life.

The raptures of a musician's soul is experienced in "Abt Vogler." Browning is trying to read the meaning of music through the soul of a musician. Music is the expression of the heart. All of life's work and passions that have good for their aim—"Are Music sent up to God," which according to God's law reaches its goal and "we shall hear it by and by." The musician feels the hidden law. "The rest may reason," but the solution of the

problem remains with him; for God has whispered the secret in his ear.

"The Soliloquy of a Spanish Cloister" shows the development of a coarse nature in monastic life. The speaker, a monk, reveals his character in the soliloquy. He is watching, from one of the windows of the cloister, a brother monk; jealousy and hatred are in his heart. "If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence, God's blood, would not mine kill you." He mockingly repeats the simple talk of the monk, and exalts himself in laying crosswise, in Jesus' praise, his knife and fork; or in keeping the letter of the law, so far as outward observances are concerned. The vesper bell peals forth, his hands are folded and he mumbles, "Plena gratia, ave Virgo." That had not the power to soften and sweeten the hard, bitter selfish nature. This man has abandoned home and friends, shut himself away from the world that he might attain a life of perfection. This seclusion has terminated in a spirit of petty jealousy and spite, nay, it has reached the abyss of diabolical hatred. The poem shows the hypocracy, formalism and fanaticism of man's religious life in a morbid state.

"Saul," one of his finest dramatic lyrics, is a conflict of forces. The king of Israel is mad, driven so by his own wild and willful passions:—David, the shepherd lad, is called to soothe the troubled soul. He comes with his music, his sympathy, and his faith in God. He sings the song of man's life, its pleasures, its trials, its tasks, its affections and memories. It was a song meant to carry before the king life in its truest sense. He has "gone the whole round of creation;" he sees the evidence

of God's power. Throughout the poem there is perfect harmony in Browning's teaching, the "supreme moment," to snatch Saul the mistake, Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now, and bid him awake.

From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself set clear and safe in new light and new life—a new harmony yet to be run."

Saul must be made to see and to feel that he has a life to repair; and know that he has a God of power and law; but also a God of infinite love.

"Caliban Upon Setebos", a grotesque humorous poem, has been taken out of the fields of the human, and displays the "brute-like, satanic theology of a fiend." The story opens at noon of a warm summer day Caliban is lazily sprawling in the mire of his cave. An animal instinctive with intelligence, and wholly filled with self-interest.

"And looks out o'er yon sea which sunbeams cross
And recross till they weave a spider web"

through which at times great fish leap. This creature has thoughts which he "talks to his own-self." Strange as it may seem these thoughts are on theology. He argues from experience, Setebos

> "Thinketh, He dwelleth i' the cold o' the moon,
> Thinketh He made it, with the sun to match,
> But not the stars,"

They lie beyond the clouds. Why did he make this world? He must have had a double motive, spite and sport. He could not make another self to be

his mate therefore had to take the next best thing,

> "What himself would fain, in a manner be,
> Weaker in most points, stronger in a few."

Caliban the creature, is stronger in many points than Setebos the God; yet Caliban is completely in his power. He is free, yet bound. If he could make living things, he would keep his mastery over them by arbitrary acts of power. Caliban has his limits, why should not Setebos be limited too. He thinks the unhappy condition of the world must reflect the maker's state. A deity, who could do all things, and who was neither happy nor unhappy, could have no motive in making such a world as that known to Caliban.

Browning's faith in God and immortality is shown in "Rabbi Ben Eyra", who has reached mature years and is making a survey of the past, and through experience he gives the meaning of individual life. Life is the process by which the soul is moulded "mid this dance of circumstances" into some completeness. The successes and failures of life can be judged only by results. The supreme test of life is what it has been made by outward events. "The wheel of time upon which our being is spun can only accomplish the providential purpose by moulding us into vessels meet for the Master's use." When life has finished her work then death makes perfect the incomplete.

Of all his works, "The Ring and the Book", is the most masterly study of the human soul; the poem is made up of monologues. Out of an old Latin book, containing the evidence for the execution in

1598 of Count Guido Franceschini, Browning conceived the Roman murder story. Whence came his book? He saw the popular rabble with its sentiments; then the aristocracy, with its prejudices; then the few who reach solution. After that came the principal actors in the tragedy, Guido, the husband; Caponsacchi, the priest; Pompilia, the girl wife; and the Pope. After taking every conceivable point of view, Browning weaves the figure of the Ring: "pure gold, truth, is unmalleable, but when mixed with alloy, the falsehood and fiction of different personalities, it can be fashioned to a ring." The great point about The Ring and the Book, is the attitude of mind. This willingness to see every side, to champion the worst, to find the truth that is hidden in the alloy of falsehood, characterizes Browning's work, except his purely lyrical pieces. He was not afraid of passion when mild sentiment was the literary thing. Some one when he died wrote a sonnet commemorating him as a poet of love. It seemed strange that the philosopher and psychologist should be so called. Yet 'tis true, he has been regarded as the foremost modern poet of love.

"Love Among the Ruins", "The Last Ride Together," and "Two in the Campagna" are three representative love poems. Browning has very beautifully illustrated his conception of love in "Love Among the Ruins." A picture, a story. The picture is clearly drawn, the miles of pasture land, on which the quiet end of evening smiles, with the sheep slowly cropping the grass where once a mighty city stood. Of the capitol only the turret remains. In that lonely turret, "as the slopes and rills in undistinguished

gray melt away, a girl awaits her lover. "When the king looked where she looks now," he beheld the mountains topped with temples, the city well fortified and protected with its millions of men. Where are they now?

"Shut them in
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest."

The pomp, the triumphs, the glory are gone. Love remains and—

"Love is best."

In "The Last Ride Together" he draws a comparison between his life and the life of a great artist, and from his standpoint, their attainment seems small, and results slight.

Two lovers are alone in the Campagna; there is silence and love in the air; the touch may be of a yearning love, and a deeper desire. It is the man who speaks,

"I touched a thought, I know,
Has tantalized me many times."

He almost fancies he has the clue though it be

"Like turns of thread the spiders throw,
Mocking across our path."

It is a yearning after that which is perfect.

"Where does the fault lie? What the core
O' the wound, since wound must be?"

The amplest experience of life leaves man still unsatisfied and he can

"only discern
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn."

Browning as an inspirer of moral resolution may be found in The Statue and the Bust, the story of a love that should not have been love. A love carried through the years, till life was almost run. And with the passing years, love passed, remaining only a dream. Two lives wasted. If they thought it a crime to love, why did they not break the link that bound them? There was vacillation, indecision, and delay. They lingered in the indulgence of evil desire, and it destroyed the finer elements of character. Do not dream life away, and be buried before you are dead. Grasp life's opportunities, seize the "supreme moment" thus making life worth living—

"Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will."

The moral significance of "Child Roland to the Dark Tower Came" is attained through the perseverance of the hero. Child Roland starts out to take a stronghold. He thought to have accomplished his purpose in a short time. But years have passed; years of danger, toil, privations, and suffering, and the Dark Tower is not reached. He is alone in the midst of this utter desolation. Naught in the distance but the evening, naught—

"To point my footsteps further."

His soul is sinking into a kind of apathy. When despair had almost seized him for his own, the Dark Tower appears, then the heroism of a despairing soul flashes into resolution. The suffering and passion of the years turned to purpose. Let come what will, life or death, the attempt to conquer shall be made. To conceive great things is not hard. But to carry these through years of trial and temptation requires strength and courage.

Throughout his life Browning was

> "One who never turned his back but marched breast-forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake."

These last lines were in the last poem he wrote. His spirit was as dauntless as the traveler in his Child Roland. He himself "put the slughorn to his lips and blew":—

> "No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
> Greet the unseen with a cheer!
> Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be.
> 'Strive and thrive!' cry 'speed—fight on, love ever
> There as here!'"

Editorial

Toward the Ideal

THE most refreshing and elevating subject that can engage the human mind is the study of a rich and masterful personality. On entering a great gallery, we are struck with awe and admiration for there we see on canvas or in marble the figures of illustrious men and women. These symbols help the mind to see the characters whose lives elevate our souls to higher and nobler ideals. There is nothing that makes a soldier so well as the face of a scarred veteran; nothing so charming, so inspiring to the student as the face of a true scholar; there is nothing which gladdens the soul and enlarges its scope more than to be brought face to face with a truly great personality.

Everyone has within himself a message, a telegram for the world and happy is the one who acts the "Columbus to his own soul." It was this message that led Columbus to discover America, because, he claimed from boyhood up, that he was born to discover an unknown land. It was this message that prompted Franklin to fly his kite and thus to discover that intangible something which is destined to revolutionize the whole world. It was this message that led Newton to labor for eighteen long years to discover the law of gravitation. It is this distinctive mark—the message—that makes the engineer, the electrician, the literary man, the musician, the teacher, the preacher,

and the one who neglects to deliver to the world the message which God has given makes a failure in this life and in the life to come.

It has been said that "man is the connecting link of the universe." He is this and something more, an organized being in an organized society. "No one liveth unto himself nor dieth unto himself"—strict isolation is a practical impossibility. We are reciprocally related and from these relations certain dues, debts, obligations arise which must be paid or we fail in the perfection of character. The science of morality is the science of loving duty.

"So close is duty to our dust
So near to God is man,
When duty whispers, lo, thou must
The man replies, I can."

The hero of today is the wise man of duty. The one who believes that duty is duty, that right is right, and that wrong is wrong. A double standard of life has arisen in the minds of some of our people and they excuse wrong doing in politics and in "high places." They have forgotten the fact that a thief in public life will be a thief in private life and that a thief in private life will be a thief and a scoundrel in public life. There is no distinction between stealing in public life and stealing in private life, and not until our citizens realize this fact can our government be purified of the sin and iniquity which stain the history of our people.

The one who would experience happiness in her own life must first bring happiness into the lives of others, hence it is supremely imperative that all

should know their obligations and to whom these obligations extend if they would build for themselves noble characters which are the crown and glory of life dignifying and exalting every position in society.

We are especially related to our home and as duties arise from personal relation it results that we are particularly in debt to those who are near and dearest. I do not hesitate to say that charity begins at home. "Home is to the world what conscience is to the human mind. Home and heaven are akin." To an honest person the word home sounds like poetry. It peals softer than the bells for a wedding and "chimes deeper into the ear of the human heart." But to the desecrated home there is a different song, a different tune. The biggest fools that tread God's footstool are those who destroy the good name and sanctity of their home. Voltaire, standing at the tomb of Napolean said, that he would rather be an humble peasant in some lonely hut unnoted and unknown than to be the conqueror of the world with a desecrated home. So let us uphold the honor and the dignity of our homes; for they are the originating units of the community, the state, the nation. "Exalt the hearthstone, strengthen the home—this—this alone will save the Republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted."

Walt Whitman's Place Among American Poets

WALT WHITMAN is usually classed with a number of poets commonly known as innovators. The American public of today has no more made up its mind concerning the true literary worth of these men, especially Walt Whitman, than it had half a century ago. Yet all the criticism which his claims aroused, argues some merit. Whitman has been called coarse, ignorant, commonplace, egotistic, imitative. And almost in the same breath he has been called a philosopher and genius! Emerson himself, speaking of "Leaves of Grass" said, "I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed." It does not seem possible that men like Emerson, Carlyle and Swineburne should have so mistaken the man. Whatever the true value of the poems, his knowledge was evidently obtained by direct contact with men and women. In spite of predictions to the contrary, Whitman is read and critized by every student of American literature.

"The Good Gray Poet" was born May 31, 1819, at West Hills, thirty miles from New York city. As a boy he cared little for formal schooling and we find him wandering over hill and field, on beach and at sea, gaining much of the knowledge which he was to use later. Thus his education was indeed elementary. Perhaps this is why he has so frequently, been called ignorant. But what better teacher than rain and sun and sky and ever-changing sea? At

an early age Whitman became a type setter. It was then that he had a chance to read Arabian Nights, the Waverly Novels and a little later Ossian, Aeschylus and Dante. Could a man who, of his own accord and that too from a pleasure loving rather than from a critical standpoint, read Dante, Homer and Shakespeare be utterly devoid of the love of knowledge? Surely not. As early as twelve he began to write and during early manhood he was connected with several journals, chiefly with the Brooklyn Eagle.

In 1855 the first issue of his poems appeared. He called it "Leaves of Grass." The name is probably typical of that great mass of such a democracy as he celebrates. "Leaves of Grass" is indeed an innovation, both in matter and form. Whitman had conceived the idea of recording the personality of one man, in fact a man in all his varied humors. It occurred to him that, no matter how closely he came in contact with the lives of other men, he could hope to really know but one—that one himself. Hence the seemingly colossal egotism of the man finds its explanation in this fact. He takes himself as a type:—

> "One's Self I sing, a simple separate person,
> Yet utter the word Democratic, the word
> En-Masse."

The form of the poems no less challenged attention. No rhyme, no metre, a seemingly chaotic mixture of prose of a poetic order and poetry none too good. The book caused criticism of course; anything so startling out of the ordinary must of necessity arouse criticism. The general public

condemned, a great many critics condemned, yet a few men of note did not reject its teaching. It is still a question whether "Leaves of Grass" is entitled to a place in the minds of thinking men.

In 1862 Whitman became an army nurse in Virginia and until the close of the war served his country faithfully in that way. These war experiences inspired some of his best loved poems, "Drum Taps," "Memories of President Lincoln" and "O Captain, My Captain." In this last he has left the old form. The lines are direct and simple, the figures imaginative, the sentiments fervent and sincere. It, together with two or three other metrical and rhymed poems, is the one that appeals to all classes of readers. Its evident sincerity rings in every line—

"O Captain, My Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize
we sought is won.
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel
grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops
of red
Where on the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead."

The latter part of Whitman's life was spent at Camden, New Jersey. During this time he added several volumes, "November Boughs," Good-bye, My Fancy." He died at Camden in 1892.

Shall Whitman be given a place of honor among American poets as many believe is his due or shall

his name gradually sink into obscurity? We cannot tell. There is in him indeed much to be condemned and perhaps equally as much to be admired. He tells us himself that he wrote, not to please but to arouse and uplift. Poetry is indeed meant to arouse and uplift, but can it not the better accomplish this in aiming to please also? Whitman had the power to give us in one line, almost in one word, an inexpressibly clear picture, in this revealing his command of words and his ability to coin one if no convenient one happened to be at hand:—

"Now I see what there is in a name, a word,
Liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient."

We immediately grasp the idea of the poet as he describes "Mannahatta." At times he rises to pure logical strains, that tell of wind and stream and river with the very breath of the out-of-doors in them. In "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," he sings—

"Winds blow south, winds blow north
Day come white or day come black
Home or rivers and mountains from home
Singing all time, minding no time
While we two keep together."

Or again in "Mannahatta"—

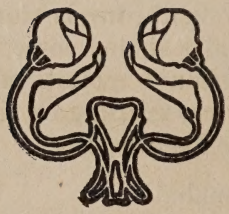
"Tides swift and ample, well loved by me
toward sunset."

His picture of night is almost perfect:—

"I am he that walks with the tender and growing night

I call to the earth and sea, half-held by night.
Press close bare-bos'med night, press close
magnetic nourishing night!
Night of South Winds, night of the few large stars
Still nodding night—mad naked summer night."

Can a man who has been moved to utter such lyrical sweetness sink into entire oblivion? It would seem that in spite of their many faults, their roughness and rude form, poems whose fundamental truth is so sound, so broad, whose lines are so crowded with optimism and the breath of the out-of-doors should have some measure of recognition and their author his rightful place among American Men of Letters.



Music Department

A DELIGHTFUL musical event connected with Virginia Institute, was Miss Rhea Hunter's voice recital, at her home, Johnson City, March twenty-second. This recital served as Miss Hunter's debut in public and the young soprano acquitted herself in a most charming manner. None of the Institute girls had the privilege of being there, but the programme was highly enjoyed by the large audience of friends and acquaintances present. Many of them came expecting an amateur school girl affair, and heard, instead, a number of difficult songs whose most intricate passages were rendered with the ease and skill of a much older and far more experienced artist. Miss Hunter's high soprano voice has a pure, floating quality which causes the listener to wonder as well as admire. Her work is not all in one style. Each successive number seemed to bring to light some beautiful new quality.

Miss Hunter was showered with profuse congratulations and was the recipient of many flowers. This brilliant success marks a bright epoch in her young career, and not only this, but it gives promise of great things for the future. Virginia Institute as well as Johnson City is proud of her talented daughter.

Miss Hunter was ably assisted by Mr. Hansheu and Mr. Schroetter. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

"Scherzo Symphonique" . . . . . Ponson
Prof. Schroetter

(a) "When Love is Gone" . . . . . Stebbins

(b) "The Wind Speaks" . . . . . Schaeffer
Miss Hunter

"The Lost Chord" . . . . . Sullivan
Prof. Hanshue

"O Dry Those Tears" . . . . . Del Riego
Miss Hunter

Violin Obligato . . . . . Mrs. Millard

"Oh, That We Two Were Maying . . . . . Nevin
Miss Hunter, Prof. Hanshue

"A May Morning" . . . . . Denza
Miss Hunter

PART II.

(a) "Andantino" . . . . . Lemore
(b) "Offertory" . . . . . Batiste
Prof. Schroetter

(a) "Obstination" . . . . . Fontenailles
(b) "Still wie die Nacht" . . . . . Bohm
Miss Hunter

(a) "Absent" . . . . . Metcalf
(b) "Four Leaf Clover" . . . . . Brownell
Prof. Hanshue

"Elsa's Dream" . . . . . Lohengrin—Wagner
Miss Hunter

"My Sweet Repose" . . . . . Schubert
Prof. Hanshue

"Love Divine"—Daughter of Jairus . . . . Stainer
Miss Hunter, Prof. Hanshue

"Postlude" . . . . . Rinck
Prof. Schroetter

✦

Since the last issue of the PENNANT there has been a series of student recitals given in the chapel,one every other Wednesday afternoon. They have done much toward enabling pupils to overcome "stage fright," and have been immensely enjoyed by the student

body and the faculty. The "V. I. Violin Quartet" made its first appearance at one of these recitals and scored a great success. Other appearances are awaited with much interest.

On March third, the student body had the good fortune of hearing Madame Ellen Beach Yaw, the world's highest soprano, in a recital given at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. The fine programme was intensely enjoyed by all, and was most profitable to the voice pupils.

Miss Hinkle at Virginia Institute

Bristol Evening News.—One of the most notable events, from the musician's standpoint, that has ever occurred in Bristol, was the recital given at Virginia Institute last night by Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano.

Even the expectations of those who had heard much of the remarkable voice and ability of this talented singer, were decidedly surpassed, and to those whose attention this wonderful young singer had never been called, she came as a revelation.

Not only did she sing with what closely approximated perfection a program of a length and character to tax to the utmost the powers and ability of the most thoroughly trained, talented and experienced singer, but she courteously responded to two insisted encores, for which she sang numbers of

no little difficulty, and the last song of the program was rendered with the same volume, ease and perfection as the first.

From a program such as hers, of which every number is a gem, and every one of which was rendered in an indescribably beautiful manner, it is difficult to select any for mention above the others. It would be a pleasure to dwell at length upon the sublime beauty of every selection, as developed by her matchless voice, if one could remember them all, which was impossible, as the charm of each effaced most effectively every memory of those that preceded it. However, "With Verdure Clad," from Hayden's "Creation;" the aria from "Louise;" waltz song from "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Nightingale," were among those apparently most pleasing to the audience. The entire suite of German songs were particularly delightful.

Miss Hinkle is a perfect lyric soprano, possessed of a voice that will stand comparison with any in the world. The beauty of her tones throughout the entire register is indescribable; if they are not perfect, it must take a highly cultivated ear to detect the fact. Her voice is also of great volume, well controlled and of wide range. She sings with understanding, her temperament leaning more to that of German musicians than to that of Italian.

She sang in both French and German with the ease and correctness of one born to those languages, though her English was none the less perfect on that account.

Mr. Samuel T. Schroetter presided at the piano, with his well known ability, his accompaniments no

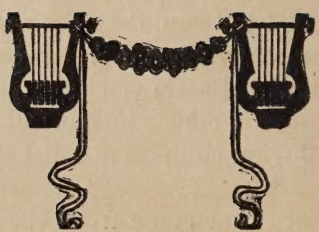
doubt assisting greatly in creating the overwhelmingly favorable impression made by the soloist.

The V. I. Conservatory

That conservatory! that conservatory!
Of many a woe it tells the story.
With its deafening noises and pitiful sights
'Tis the scene of much trouble by day and by night.
There's a long, gloomy hall lined with dim little cells,
And from each emanate the most heart-rending yells.
This pupil is practising vocal, today,
And at "do- mi- sol- do-" she is firing away.
Five other girls each sing a different song,
While scales agonizing sound all the day long,
And oft times continue far into the night.
Now mark what I tell you, that place is a fright!
From one room comes ragtime in strains wild and gay
Soon to blend with Beethoven just over the way;
And a Chopin etude comes in musical waves,
While both suff'ring composers must writhe in their graves.
Ah! the noises that come from the conservatory,
Are far better adapted to purgatory.

That conservatory! that conservatory!
Of many a woe it tells the story!
Of hard exercises and tired, aching wrists;
There all manner of suff'ring and torture exists.
The frowning inspector comes slamming the door,
While each girl vainly wishes her practice were o'er.

One daring young sinner caught out of her room,
Crouched behind the piano is waiting her doom.
The door quickly opens; inspector appears,
The guilty one trembles; her eyes fill with tears;
He enters, Oh, horror! The girl he espies,
And one more big demerit within his book lies.
Ah, how sad is the song the conservatory sings!
Dear friends, it could tell you a number of things.
As for me, I shall be in the height of my glory
If I ever escape from that conservatory!



Locals

On April Fool's day, Callie's trunk, looking glass and trigonometry text-book were most mysteriously transported to her practice room in the conservatory, where she spends most of her time. This is evidently a convenient arrangement for they are still there.

✦

Ghosts are seen in the conservatory every night between 9:30 and 10:30! For further information see Mrs. Fowler.

✦

Miss Hunter verily believes she is making a tour through the infernal regions accompanied by her piano teacher. In reality, Mr. Schroetter is taking her through Hell(er).

✦

Miss Ruggles, becoming frantic: "That miserable cat has been meowing this blessed morning!"

Lillian, timidly: "Please Madam, it is one of your pupils practicing her violin.

✦

Mr. Schroetter has a habit of passing around candy when his pupils come to their lessons in a bad humor. Ask Sudie!

Notice! All styles of jigs executed in the most charming manner by Prof. Hanshue in the upper hall of the conservatory! Free exhibitions at all hours of the day.

✦

You are cordially invited to come and hear the "tin-pan brigade" out in the conservatory. Concert hours: 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

✦

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Expression Department

HENRY IRVING is without question one of the greatest actors the world has ever produced. Before going on the stage, however, he was thoroughly educated. He was a man of culture, a man of character, a man of strength. But this great artist had many struggles during the early years of his career.

Throughout his life one characteristic that towers above all others is his indomitable will. This is shown in his application to his work. From him may be learned the lesson that the life of an artist must be a life of incessant labor and he must deny himself of everything for that purpose. For eleven years Henry Irving labored in the provinces of England without meeting with any success until he gave Randon Scudamore in "Hunted Down." But even this was forgotten in 1867 because of his failure as "Petruchio" in "The Taming of the Shrew." He had it all in him, he appreciated the humor, yet he acted very badly. He was criticised severely by critics who have since heaped praises on many less worthy. But Irving persevered, scarcely leaving the stage for a short vacation. "He thought of nothing else, cared for nothing else; worked day and night; went without his dinner to buy a book that might be helpful in studying, or a stage jewel that might be helpful to wear." He said he once bought a sword with a jeweled hilt, and hung it at the foot of his bed. During

the night he kept getting up and striking matches to see it, shifting its position and admiring it.

Everything was against Irving at first as an actor. "He could not speak, he could not walk, he could not look. He wanted to do things in a part, and he could not do them. His amazing power was imprisoned and only after long and weary years did he succeed in setting it free." This perpetual struggle had much to do with his later success, producing in him "a kind of fine temper like the purest steel."

Overcoming every difficulty, everything in the way of his success Irving finally realized his highest ambition. He not only became successful as an actor in England but he is recognized everywhere to be one of the greatest interpreters of Shakespeare. On a certain occasion Irving visited Oxford and gave his address on "Four Actors"—Burbage, Betterton, Garrick and Kean. Following this the address of the "Undergrads" was presented by Bouchier, in which he said, "We have watched with keen and enthusiastic interest the fine intellectual quality of all of these representations from Hamlet to Mephistopheles,with which you have enriched the contemporary stage; to your influence we owe deeper knowledge and more reverent study of the master mind of Shakespeare."

"Faust" proved to be the greatest of Irving's financial successes, and it was also the heaviest play of the Lyceum Company. Before producing it, Irving accompanied by others made a tour of Germany and purchased nearly all the property for "Faust" in Nuremberg. Many Germans came to see it played and the Gothic Society wrote a

tribute to Henry Irving after his death acknowledging his services to Goethe. Irving's Mephistopheles was not one of his best but he had his moments in this as he did in every part. One was in the spinning scene when Faust defies Mephistopeles whom he silences with "I am a spirit." Ellen Terry in describing this scene says that Irving seemed to "grow to a gigantic height—to hover over the ground instead of walk on it. It was terrifying."

Ellen Terry, who worked with Irving for many years, added much to his artistic knowledge, besides being of incalculable service with her noble and sincere art.

Irving was never obstinate. When he saw he had made a mistake in stage direction or of any of his work he at once changed it. At first he did not rehearse the Vicar well. One day when stamping his feet very much as Mathias in "The Bells" a child told him not to go on like that. This was illuminating to him and changed his Vicar, as a blind man had changed his Shylock. The first night he gave a simple and lovable performance as the Vicar and many understood and liked him as they never had done before.

One of his long list of splendid deaths is Irving's death at Macaire. Macaire knowing the game is up rushes to the French windows at the rear of the stage but is shot before escaping. "Irving did not drop, but turned round, swaggered impudently down to the table, leaned on it, then suddenly rolled over dead."

In 1883 Henry Irving made his first of seven American tours. He was accompanied each time by

Ellen Terry. From the dinners he had to eat and the speeches he had to make and listen to it is evident that Irving's position in America had already been established. The first tour was a great success. Such productions of romantic plays and Shakespeare as Irving brought over were then unknown in this country. Then the Hudson theatre in New York was not dreamed of, but the Star was about equal to any theatre in England at that time. Irving appeared as Matthias in "The Bells." He was at his best and had a splendid audience. This was followed by "Charles I," "Louis XI" and "The Merchant of Venice."

During this first tour he visited nearly all the large cities as far west as St. Louis and also Toronto.

In Chicago a reporter approached Irving with the question, "To what do you attribute your success?" "To my acting," was the simple reply.

Irving became a personal friend to Dr. Curry of the Boston School of Expression and he made the first donation to that institution. Irving also made many other lifelong friends among famous American men.

The American critics observed many points passed over by the English. For instance in "Much Ado About Nothing," an American critic said of Irving in the church scene that "something of him as a subtle interpreter of doubtful situations was exquisitely shown in the early part of this fine scene by his suspicion of Don John—felt by him alone, and expressed only by his quick covert look, but a look so full of intelligence as to proclaim him a sharer in the secret with the audience."

In all American criticism a scholarly knowledge was displayed. In comparing their productions to those seen, up to Irving's tour, a critic wrote: "Wherein does the superiority lie? Not in the amount of money expended but the amount of brains; in the artistic intelligence and careful and earnest pain with which every detail is studied and worked out."

"We all know when we do our best," Irving once said, "we are the only people who know." Yet he felt he did better in Macbeth than Hamlet. His conception of Macbeth was derided by many critics. His rehearsals for Macbeth were splendid and he seemed to be able to do anything to his purpose even to composing music. Sir Arthur Sullivan's music did not suit him at first. He showed the composer what he was going to do at certain situations, humming at the same time. Sullivan quickly caught his meaning and when the orchestra played the new version based on Irving's humming, it was just what he wanted.

Burne-Jones in speaking of Irving in "The Dead Heart" said, "Irving was very noble—I thought I had never seen his face so beautiful." It was only a melo-drama but Irving "could always invest a melodrama with life, beauty, interest, mystery, by his methods of production."

"Henry VIII" was a magnificent production and Irving as Cardinal Wolsley looked wonderful in his flaming robe which he had had dyed by the dyers to the Cardinal's college in Rome. In his impersonation he warmed up wonderfully the story of the old religion."

In 1896 when Henry Irving revived "Richard III,"

he slipped on the stairs on Grafton street and broke a bone in his knee. He aggravated the wonud by walking to his room and he was not able to act for weeks. From that his general health began to fail. "Only the spirit in that frail body remained as strong as ever. Nothing could bend it, much less break it." He worked on and during the next years he gave "King Lear," "Becket," "King Arthur," "Cymbeline," "Madame Sans Gene," "Peter the Great" and "The Medicine Man." During the later years, however, he gave up all as a producer, but worked on faithfully as ever as an actor.

Mr. Gladstone was a frequent visitor to the Lyceum and was an appreciative listener. Lord Randolph Churchill was also a great admirer of Henry Irving. Although he had a masterly knowledge of Shakespeare's plays he confessed to Irving once, that he had never read a play of Shakespeare's in his life but that after seeing Irving act he thought it was time to begin. Among the singers who were special friends of Irving were Patti, Melba, Calve and Allani.

In the spring of 1905 Irving was taken very ill. The doctor told him he ought never to play "The Bells" and really should not act any more. It was wonderful how his imagination acted physically on his body, especially in this play. When he heard the bells he would turn deathly white. In Matthias "he imagined death with a horrible intensity. His eyes would disappear upwards, his face grow gray, his limbs cold." It is not strange, then, that the first time the doctor's warning was disobeyed and

Irving played "The Bells" at Bradford he died within twenty-four hours of his last death as Matthias. The last performance of Becket came between. "All that he had done for years he did faithfully for the last time." He died at the entrance of the hotel that night accompanied only by his faithful servant, Walter Collinson. Thus he died among strangers this wonderful man whose body had for so many years been the house of a thousand souls. "But Henry Irving belonged to England, not to a family. England showed that she knew it when she buried him in Westminster Abbey". His funeral is impressively described by Ellen Terry. After speaking of Irving's striking appearance she says, "How terribly I missed that face at Henry's own funeral! I kept on expecting to see it, for indeed it seemed to me that he was directing the whole most moving and impressiye ceremony. I could almost hear him saying, 'Get on! get on!' in the parts of the service that dragged. When the sun, such a splendid tawny sun, burst across the solemn misty gray of the Abbey, at the very moment when the coffin, under its superb pall of laurel leaves, was carried up to the choir, I felt that it was an effect which he would have loved.

"I can understand anyone who was present at Henry Irving's funeral thinking this was his best memorial, and that any attempt to honor him afterwards would be superfluous and inadequate. But after all it was Henry Irving's commanding genius and his devotion of it to high objects, his personal influence on the English people, which secured him burial among England's great dead. The petition

for the burial, presented to the Dean of the Chapter, and signed on the initiative of Henry Irving's leading fellow actors by representative personages of influence, succeeded only because of Henry's unique position."

✦

"The Princess," given by the School of Expression on the evening of March the first, was one of the greatest successes from an artistic standpoint ever produced by this department. The graceful Greek costumes and appropriate staging added much to its beauty.

Miss Spigener, as Princess, came up to her usual high standard of art, and was well supported by her pupils.

The two most beautiful scenes were the aesthetic dance given by eight pretty girls, and the pantomime "Sweet and Low." The following were the Dramatis Personae:

Princess Ida		Miss Spigener
Lady Psyche	Instructors in the	Lois Davs
Lady Blanche	University	Hattie Lott
Melissa, daughter of Lady Blanche		Sudie Spinkt
Violet, a pupil, daughter, of Ipse		Ethel Clarke
The Prince		Nannie Crismond
Florian, his friend and brother of Psyche		Florence Crouch
Cyril, friend to the Prince and Florian		Bess Newson
Gama, king, and father to Ida		Banie Johnston
Ipse, nobleman in Gama's Court		Ruby Kings

Pupils, attendants, courtiers, etc.

✦

"Midsummer Night's Dream" will be given as our commencement play. It will be produced on the campus, and as this is the first open air performance given in this community it is looked forward to with much interest.

Exchanges

The Poe number of the *Wake Forest Student* is especially interesting to the friends and admirers of this greatest of Southern poets. The "Facts of Poe's Life" give in condensed, consecutive order the whole story of the tragic life of this unhappy genius. The fact that "no one knew him" accounts for much of the harshness with which he was treated while living and for many reproaches heaped upon his memory. All the stress has been laid upon his bad habits, lack of will power, etc., and the nobler instincts of the man entirely overlooked. *The Student* without attempting to defend Poe simply lays bare these facts and helps us to understand that Poe with all his faults and imperfections had in him many qualities of a true man. The fiction department of *The Student* is very well filled up, "Belated Wedding Bells" being perhaps the most interesting story. A criticism that might apply to most of our other college magazines as well as to *The Student* is deficiency in the line of poetry.

✦

The Hollins Quarterly for February is attractive both in cover and contents. "Annus Mirabilis" contrasts strikingly the year 1809 with that of the present 1909 showing what progress in development one century has meant and inspiring us to make the twentieth century the most glorious in every line. "Out of the April Day" is a charming little bit of romance, illustrating how the lives of more than one may be brightened and strengthened by

one person's "being natural." "The Enemy" is worthy of mention. It is a story combining the fictitious and the real and works out the excellent moral of conquering self. Quite an interesting sketch of Poe is given in "The Singer of the Shadows." In "Rudyard Kipling, the poet" some sane ideas are given concerning this independent contributor to modern literature.

✦

The Guidon is lacking in productions of a heavy nature. The criticism of "Adam Bede" shows careful study of the interesting novel but is the only article in the magazine that can claim much literary worth. A thrilling incident in the persecution of the Hugenots in France is given in "Night Caps."

The Castle Heights Herald, at first glance would never be taken for a college magazine. A more attractive cover togther with the placing of "ads" on the inside, altogether, would add much to the paper. "The Ghost of Stancourt Manor," is the best thing in the fiction department. In the "Twentieth Century" we are given the two divisions of people as they exist today, the people who *do* things and the idle dreamer. A very pertinent question is, "to which division do you belong?"

✦

We acknowledge the following exchanges: *Wake Forest Student, Hollins Quarterly, The Guidon, Castle Heights Herald, Emory and Henry Era, The Gray Jacket, The Review, The New Horizon* and *The Chisel.*

Alumnae Notes

Ella Virginia Jones, who graduated in 1889, and is the first graduate of the school, is at the head of the Mathematics Department in Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

Nina B. Morris, 1890, is teaching music in Williamson, W. Va.

Mrs. Mamie St. John Taylor, whose husband, Robert L. Taylor is senator from Tennessee, is living in Washington, D. C., and is well known in society circles there.

Mrs. Georgia Hall Park, of the class of 1895, has been abroad with her husband for the past two or three years, but is now visiting her relatives in Greeneville, Tenn.

Mrs. Bessie Hardy Willingham, 1895, has the honor of being the first missionary to go out from the school. She and her husband were for several years missionaries to Japan but on account of ill health they have had to return to this country and are now living in Rome, Ga.

Mrs. Alice St. John Dulaney, 1895, is living in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Kitty St. John Bachman, of the class 1895, lives in Bristol, Tenn.-Va.

Mrs. Minnie May Mitchell, 1897, lives in Bristol, Tenn.-Va.

Mrs. Mary Lucy Minor Crockett, who graduated in 1898, lives in Bristol, Va.-Tenn.

Lucy Dickinson, 1899, is assistant English teacher at Judson College, Marion, Ala.

Mrs. Adeline Huff Rosenblatt, 1899, lives in Greeneville, Tenn.

Mrs. Annie Greer Peters, 1899, who for several years lived in Bristol, Tenn., has recently moved to Washington state.

Mrs. Leota Brown Arnot, '04, is living in Surgoinsville, Tenn.

Mrs. Kate Crump Sigourney, of the class of 1904, is living in Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Gena Dickey Ligon, '04, also lives in Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Stella Dickey Connelly, of the class '04, lives in Bristol, Tenn., but on account of ill health spent the last winter in Florida.

Jessie Mae Stokely, of the class 1904, is doing graduate work in Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Floy Harris, '05, is teaching in Franklin, Va.

Mrs. Allie Huskins Weiler, '05, is living in Bristol, Va.-Tenn.

A Smile or Two

Bang! Bang! Bang! went twenty-five doors while a blood curdling war whoop ec hoing through he halls aroused everyone from their slumbers at one o'clock on the morning of April first, and brought them to the realization that April fool fun had begun.

From then until the clock striking twelve told that April fool's day was over, one prank followed another in rapid succession.

Everyone, from the dignified lady principal down to Aunt Julia was sadly "fooled" before the day was over.

The Seniors were compelled to crawl in a very undignified manner out the window of their classroom, because some naughty Freshman had latched the door.

The faithful musicians who went to their practice rooms found their pianos sadly out of tune, while Mr. Putman was compelled to use his waste-basket for a stool.

One young lady who has decided to make her practice room her home found that her friends had very accommodatingly moved her trunk, and other belongings there for her.

Invitations were issued to feasts which were never given and even the slick music director fell in the trap and went to the lady principal to ascertain as to sufficient permissions.

At six o'clock the climax was reached, when every girl came to dinner in full "tacky" dress. Sis

Hopkins was there in all her finery, and Miss Matthews made a very fetchy "belle." The most becomingly dressed and certainly the best behaved ladies present were Mrs. Anderson, Misses Ruggles, Puryear, and Richardson.

It is doubtful whether Robin Good-fellow himself could have been more mischievous in his pranks, and certainly every V. I. girl went to bed that night with the satisfaction that she had had "great fun," and for one day at least had gotten ahead of the faculty.

Melissa J.—"Hattie, what kind of a woman's college is there in Meridian?"

Hattie L.—"Oh, it is a female school."

Mary R.—"Trula and I slept hardly any last night."

Frances A.—"Well, I heard the 'beasts' crowing before I could get to sleep."

Nannie W.—"If I don't soon get better I am going abroad for my health."

Aurora P.—"Where are you going?"

Nannie W.—"To Richmond."

Lullie R.—"Grace, who was Absalom?"

Grace P.—"Oh! a poet, of course."

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

The dining-room is still as death;
The air is cold and chill.
A mighty rumble shakes the earth
And echoes to the hills.
Our hearts stand still, our blood runs cold
Our hair e'en stands on end,
And after it all is over—Herr
Hanshue sits down again.

Mrs. Anderson—"Ophie, when did John Smith write?"
Ophie M.—"In the Revolutionary Period."

Rhea—"Katherine, have you been asleep?"
Emma—"Why, she has been to Junior English."

Lillian H.—"Oh, Virgie come here and see the V. P. I. boy's picture. Don't you think he is handsome?"
Virgie—"Gee, he sure is extinguished looking."

Ask Rhea H. how she likes German.
(N. B.—Get behind a brick wall first.)

Mrs. Murrell—"Write the future perfect of lie."
Christine C.—"I have lied many times."

The question of sleeves being discussed the other day, Trula K. said, that she especially liked the ham sleeves—meaning leg o' mutton—.

When Venus C. was visiting Lullie's home she heard Lullie's father say, "A little fun now and then is relished by the wisest men."

Lullie up and says—"I knew my father could quote Scripture."

IMPORTANT QUERY.

Lois to Mildred—"Can a post graduate?"

Virgie while reading Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter, came to the sentence with the word wharf in it—(To Mary K.)—"What is wharf? Oh yes, it is a little town, I know."

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